

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 51—No. 31.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1873.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
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CRYSTAL PALACE, This Day (SATURDAY), August 2.
—Miss BLANCHE COLE will take her FIRST BENEFIT, on the occasion of her 122d performance in English Opera at the Crystal Palace, This Day (Saturday). Admission, Half-a-Crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miss BLANCHE COLE'S BENEFIT. This Day (SATURDAY), August 2, at Three, Bellini's Opera, "LA SONNAMBULA." Elvino, Mr. George Perren; Rodolpho, Mr. Maybrick; Alessio (by permission of Messrs. Chatterton and Webster), Mr. Brittain Wright; Notary, Mr. Osman; Liza, Miss Annie Goodall; Dame Teresa, Mrs. Sharp; and Amlina, Miss Blanche Cole. Full Orchestra and Chorus. Conductor, Mr. MAAS. Numbered and reserved stalls can be secured in advance, price Five Shillings; reserved seats, Half-a-Crown; Admission, Half-a-Crown; or by Guinea Season Ticket.

Bank Holiday, Monday Next, August 4.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THE GENERAL HOLIDAY FETE.—GRAND BALLAD CONCERT at Four P.M.—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington will sing the "Bravura Waltz" and "Come back to Erin"; Miss Blanche Cole will sing "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls" and "Home, sweet home"; Miss Annie Goodall will sing "Susan's Story," "Jock o' Hazeldean," and "Cherry ripe"; Mr. George Fox will sing "The Village Blacksmith" and "The Yeoman's Wedding"; Signor Foli will sing "Hearts of Oak" and "The Monks of Old"; and

MR. SIMS REEVES will sing "My own, my guiding star," "When other lips and other hearts," and "The Bay of Biscay."

HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL,
SEPTEMBER 9, 10, 11, and 12, 1873.

MORNING.

TUESDAY, "ELIJAH."

WEDNESDAY, "JEPIHTAH," and Rossini's "STABAT MATER."

THURSDAY, Sir F. Ouseley's "HAGAR," Dr. Wesley's NEW WORK, and Spohr's "CHRISTIAN'S PRAYER," &c.

FRIDAY, "MESSIAH."

EVENING.

TUESDAY, CONCERT, SHIRE HALL.

WEDNESDAY, "ST. PAUL," CATHEDRAL.

THURSDAY, CONCERT, SHIRE HALL.

FRIDAY, CHAMBER CONCERT, SHIRE HALL.

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MR. WILFORD MORGAN will sing his popular Ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Sunderland, August 11, and throughout his tour in the autumn with Madame Lemmens-Sherrington.

MISS ENRIQUEZ begs to announce that she is at liberty to accept Engagements. All letters to be addressed to her residence, 26, Mornington Crescent, N.W. Engaged the following dates:—Hereford Musical Festival, 8th to 13th September; Bristol Musical Festival, 20th to 25th October; Glasgow Musical Festival, 3rd to 8th November; Edinburgh, 10th November.

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Sweet hawthorn time—fair month of May!
 What joys attend thine advent gay!
 On every tree the birds sing,
 From hill and dale glad echoes ring;
 The lark, inspir'd, to Heaven ascends,
 The gurgling brook in beauty wends
 By mossy bank and grassy braid,
 Where violets bloom and lambskins play.
 Delightful Spring—sweet month of May
 What joys attend thine advent gay!

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ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The annual public concert of this useful and well-conducted institution, held in the Hanover Square Rooms on Saturday afternoon, created the usual interest among friends of the pupils and amateurs of music generally. The programme afforded incontestable proof that the system of instruction carried on is sound, that the teachers in all departments are capable, and that the "Principal," Sir Sterndale Bennett, is the right man in the right place. Further than this, it may be added, that the students in every branch of the art exhibit decided advance. The programme, though lengthy, was nevertheless always more or less interesting. The original compositions included the first movement of an orchestral symphony in C by Mr. Roberts (pupil of Sir Sterndale Bennett); the first movement of a symphony in B minor by Miss Florence Marshall (pupil of Mr. G. A. Macfarren); two movements (*andante* and *scherzo*) from a choral symphony in E minor, by Mr. Wingham ("silver medalist" in 1870); and two movements (*andante* and *scherzo*) from a symphony in C minor by Mr. Eaton Fanning (Mendelssohn scholar, and silver medallist, 1872). In each of these there was a great deal to commend, and above all a promise which encourages the fairest hopes.

The instrumental solo performances comprised Sir Sterndale Bennett's *Caprice* in E major, one of the most finished and original pieces ever written for pianoforte with orchestral accompaniments—the pianist being Miss Pamphilon (pupil of Mr. W. Dorrell); the first movement of Beethoven's Concerto in E flat (his fifth and last), pianist, Mr. Walter Fitton ("silver medallist," 1872), pupil of Mr. Walter C. Macfarren; the last two movements of Spohr's *Concertante* in B minor, for two violins, admirably executed by Messrs. Reed and Szczepanowski (pupils of M. Sinton, and worthy representatives of their eminent preceptor); three movements from Spohr's Quintet in C minor, for pianoforte, flute, clarinet, horn, and bassoon, the pianoforte part being assigned to Miss Baglehole, Potter Exhibitioner, silver medallist, and Sterndale Bennett prize-holder (the most talented pupil of Mr. W. H. Holmes, a professor of the pianoforte, who has, and has long had, no superior); the first movement of Schumann's Concerto in A minor, played by Miss Conolly (pupil of Mr. W. G. Cousins, director of music to the Queen); the *Andante* and *Finale* from Mendelssohn's pianoforte concerto in D minor (No. 2), performed by Miss Curtis (pupil of Mr. Westlake); and J. S. Bach's grand pedal fugue in C minor, played by Mr. Done, son of the well-known organist of Worcester Cathedral and conductor of the Worcester Festivals. In all of these enough of ability was displayed to satisfy the most exacting patron of our Royal Academy of Music, which was convincingly shown by the applause so liberally bestowed. In the Quintet of Spohr the parts for wind instruments were undertaken by those experienced professors, Messrs. Svendsen (flute), C. Harper (horn), Lazarus (clarinet), and Waetzig (bassoon).

A mere glance at the vocal music will suffice. The solos included an air from Mozart's *Seraglio* ("Ah che voglio trionfare,"), sung by Mr. Pope; an air from Sir Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria* (our English masterpiece in sacred music), sung by Mr. Walter Fitton (silver medallist in 1872); "Hear ye Israel" from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, sung by Miss Jessie Jones, who gained the first soprano prize at Mr. Willert Beale's recent National Music Meetings in the Crystal Palace; the tenor air, "Dalla sua pace," from *Don Giovanni*, sung by Mr. Henry Guy (silver medallist in 1872); and a *bravura* air, from Handel's *Ottone*, sung by Mr. Wadmore, to whom was also awarded a prize at the Crystal Palace National Music Meetings last year.

Besides these, there was concerted vocal music of more than ordinary interest. First must be mentioned the ingeniously contrived and dramatically effective *finale* from Mr. Macfarren's opera *Robin Hood*, in which the solo vocal parts were taken by Misses Nessi Goode and Beasley, Messrs Dudley Thomas, Wadmore, Parker, and W. A. Howells. Next came a part song, "The Crier," by Miss Oliveria Prescott (student), which seemed to please very much; then the fine trio, "Night's lingering shades," from Spohr's once universally popular *Azor and Zemira*—sung by Misses Beasley, Jessie Jones, and Mayfield (silver medallist, 1871); then the always popular and in its way matchless duet from *Der Freischütz*, "Come be gay," allotted to Misses Llewellyn, Bagnall, and Nessi Goode; and, lastly, the beautiful trio with chorus, "Hearts feel that love thee," from Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, the solo parts in which were undertaken by Misses Bagnard, Edouard, and Bolton. These, too, afforded unequivocal satisfaction, as guarantees of the progress made by the pupils now being educated at our national musical seminary, which, since its institution in 1822, and incorporated by Royal Charter, has done so much for the legitimate progress of music in this country. The chief conductor was Mr. Walter Cecil Macfarren, than whom one more thoroughly fitted for the task could hardly have been selected.

After Spohr's quintet the prizes were distributed by Mrs. Gladstone, to whom Sir Sterndale Bennett previously delivered the subjoined address:—

"Madame,—As Principal of this Institution, allow me again to return you my sincere thanks for the honour you have done the directors and the committee in consenting to attend here this morning. I feel great pleasure, in which I am sure you will participate, in telling you that the number of students has considerably increased, more than 40 having entered this year, and the total at present being over 200. In an artistic sense the standard of excellence has been raised, and I have no hesitation in stating that we have found talent so remarkable and so greatly in excess of former years that it is a pleasure to us to increase those rewards which you have so kindly undertaken to distribute. I cannot let this opportunity pass without referring to the kind interest taken in the welfare of the Royal Academy of Music, and the advancement of the art of music in this country, by his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh and the authorities of the Royal Albert Hall. The propositions made to us from time to time have been seriously considered; but it was found that we should not be justified in incurring the expenditure attendant on the removal of the institution, and, as the new accommodation offered presented but slight advantages over the premises we now occupy, we felt compelled to decline. In conclusion, I beg to tender my sincere thanks to the committee, professors, sub-professors, and the officers of the institution for their untiring zeal and activity in each of their departments. The success which has followed their efforts you, Mrs. Gladstone, will now have the opportunity of estimating."

Mrs. Gladstone distributed the prizes in the most gracious manner, with a kind word or look for each favoured recipient. Here is a catalogue, in which many readers will find interest:—

Female Department.—Silver Medals.—Misses Emily A. Troup (pianoforte), Elizabeth Conolly (pianoforte), Amy E. Turner Burnett (pianoforte), Mary Taylor (general progress), Jessie Jones (singing), and Sarah A. Goode (singing). Bronze Medals.—Misses Emma Cornish, Isabella W. M. Carty, Eliza J. Hopkins, Emma L. Beasley, Llewellyn Bagnall, Alice Mary Curtis, Lavinia Sheenan, Johanna Ludovici, and Beata Francis. Books.—Misses Helen Pamphilon, Ellen Edridge, Maria Combs, Ethel Harraden, Catherine Beaumont, Mary Roffe, Clara Buley, Ellen Hancock, Elinor Blake, Edith Brand, Alice Chapman, Janie Burrough, Hannah Edouard, Mary E. Butterworth, and Mrs. Florence Marshall. Letters of Commendation.—Misses Louisa A. Turner, Jane Whittaker, Constance Harper, Annie Bradley, Elizabeth L. Rothwell, Marion Green, and Fanny Boxell. Sterndale Bennett Prize (Purse containing ten guineas).—Miss Annie Jane Martin. Highly Commended.—Miss Agnes A. Channell (silver medallist, 1872). Male Department.—Silver Medals.—Master Harry Walker (pianoforte), and Mr. W. A. Howells (singing). Bronze Medals.—Messrs. Frederick Weekes, Frederick Done, Bernard E. Elmenhorst, J. L. Wadmore, and Henry A. Pope. A Prize Violin Bow, given to the institution by Mr. James Tubbs, of Wardour Street.—Mr. John H. Reed. Books.—Messrs. T. Matthey, Henry W. Little, Arthur J. Jackson, Edwin Hinchcliffe, Henry R. Rose, Dudley Thomas, Joseph A. Breeden, Alexander G. Jopp, Robert George, Louis N. Parker, Ladislav Szczepanowski, Charles J. Regan, Alfred Rhodes, and John H. Roberts. Sterndale Bennett Scholarship (two years free education in the institution).—Master Tobias Augustus Matthey (re-elected in April last). Westmorland Scholarship (£10 towards the cost of a year's instruction), awarded to Miss Emma L. Beasley. Potter Exhibition (£12 towards the cost of a year's instruction), awarded to Miss Florence Baglehole. Mendelssohn Scholarship (£20 per annum, for two years), awarded to Mr. Eaton Fanning.

Altogether the proceedings augured well for the future progress of the Royal Academy of Music, which, we think, has acted wisely in preserving its independent position. If it cannot continue to exist as it has existed for so long a period, it has really no pretence to exist at all. We believe sincerely that it can—more especially with such a musician for its chief director and pilot as Sir W. Sterndale Bennett.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

A meeting of the General Committee of the Musical Festival was held recently, at the Midland Institute, for the purpose of receiving a report from the Orchestral Committee, and other business. Mr. W. J. Beale presided; and there were also present Messrs. W. Sharp, T. Kenrick, J. H. Nettlefold, C. S. Mathews, R. H. Milward, Chesshire, J. Cartland, H. Peyton, A. Peyton, R. Heaton, G. Heaton, C. Lawden, R. Chamberlain, F. Everitt, C. J. Parsons, F. Thornton, A. S. Blanckensee, Captain Peel, Dr. Foster, Alderman Brinsley, Mr. Howard J. Smith (secretary), &c. Letters of apology for non attendance were received from the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, the Mayor (Alderman Biggs), Major-General Herbert, Rev. G. D. Boyle, Mr. A. Kenrick, Colonel Ratcliff, Mr. G. J. Johnson, Mr. O. Pemberton, Mr. M. Hickman, and others.

The minutes of the last general meeting having been read and confirmed, Mr. R. Peyton read the following report of the Orchestral Committee:—

"Since the last meeting of this committee, the Orchestral Committee have had under consideration the scheme of performances, and have now to submit for your approval an outline of the principal works which it is intended should be given at the Festival. Among the new works composed for the forthcoming Festival, of which, as already announced, there are three—the most important, both from its sacred character and its length, is that of Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan. This oratorio, which will occupy the Wednesday morning, is entitled *The Light of the World*, and the Orchestral Committee have reason to hope that the labour which has been bestowed upon this work by our young and talented countryman will result in the production of a musically work of a high order, and such a one as will obtain for its composer a still higher position than heretofore among the musicians of our time. Of the two new secular cantatas, that of Signor Randegger is entitled *Fridolin*; while the story selected by Signor Schira, for musical illustration, is the same which has furnished the subject for one of the Poet Laureate's miscellaneous poems, namely 'The Lord of Burleigh.' The whole of the choruses of the second of these works, and most of those comprised in the first, have been in active preparation for some time past at the rehearsals now in progress. While naming the above works as having been secured for performance at the Festival, and designed expressly for it, the Orchestral Committee had the gratification of announcing that they are in negotiation for, and have reason to believe that they shall be able to include in the programme, four short works by Rossini, two of which have never been performed in this country; while the two others are from among the unpublished posthumous works of the great composer, and will be performed for the first time at the approaching Festival. These compositions have, since the death of Rossini, become the property of a private gentleman, who, at the instance of Sir Michael Costa, has kindly consented to their production at this Festival, under certain arrangements which are now in course of progress. It is not proposed, on the present occasion, to give any sonata or concerto for the pianoforte, but the Orchestral Committee submit that it would be desirable to recur to a practice which was formerly in vogue at these Festivals—namely, to introduce a symphony in one, at least, of the evening programmes. This question has been under consideration, and referred to, between the chairman and Sir Michael Costa on different occasions for some time past, and Sir Michael most willingly concurs, provided it is the opinion of the committee that a lengthened instrumental performance would be generally acceptable to the audience. The Orchestral Committee are fully aware that at the evening performances music of a lighter character, and less exacting upon the close attention of a large miscellaneous audience, is expected to be given. While, however, recognising this fact as a general guide in the construction of the evening programmes, they are at the same time unwilling to believe that one of the masterpieces of that great composer who so especially excelled in instrumental composition would be out of place when presented to the audience assembled at a Birmingham Festival. The Orchestral Committee, therefore, propose that a symphony of Beethoven should form a prominent feature in the Wednesday evening programme. The general outline of performances would, therefore, be as follows:

Tuesday morning.—*Elijah*.

Tuesday evening.—Cantata, *Fridolin* (Randegger), and miscellaneous second part.

Wednesday morning.—Mr. Sullivan's new oratorio, "*The Light of the World*."

Wednesday evening.—Miscellaneous concert, to include a Short Composition by Rossini, and Symphony, in C minor—Beethoven.

Thursday morning.—*The Messiah*.

Thursday evening.—Cantata, *The Lord of Burleigh* (Schira), and miscellaneous. Second part to include Chorus (Rossini), and Overture to *Guillaume Tell*.

Friday morning.—Sacred Cantata, *God, Thou art great*, Spohr; Imperial Mass, Haydn; Short Choral Work (first time of performance), Rossini; double choruses from *Israel in Egypt*.

Friday evening.—*Judas Maccabeus*.

"In preparation for the above series of performances, the members of the choir have been engaged weekly since the end of January last in rehearsing the choral music; Mr. W. C. Stockley and Mr. A. J. Sutton, with their accustomed assiduity and talent, conducting the rehearsals of the two sections into which, up to the present time, the choir has been divided. General rehearsals of the whole number of local choristers will commence in the first week in June, and you will be asked to pass a resolution requesting the Council of the Birmingham and Midland Institute to grant the use of their Lecture Theatre for the above purpose. In the instrumental department there has been a considerable number of changes by death, removal, or otherwise, since the Festival of 1870. These vacancies have been satisfactorily filled, and the whole orchestra, with some few exceptions, is now complete, separate engagements having, as usual, been entered into with each performer.

"The engagement of principal singers is one which has occupied the attention of the Orchestral Committee for a considerable time past, and much negotiation has taken place, both at personal interviews with the chairman and by letter. Most of the artists of highest rank as executants of oratorio music have already signed their engagements, and negotiations opened with other singers of note, whose presence might add variety and brilliancy to the evening performances. It must, however, be remarked that, in regard to the possible engagement of performers of high reputation, especially those whose fame extends to continental capitals and the great cities of America, the difficulties are somewhat increased by the period of the year at which our festivals are held, that period being devoted to rest, at some Continental watering-place after the labours of the London season, and preparatory to lengthened journeys to fulfil other engagements in the United States, St. Petersburg, and Vienna."

Mr. Peyton added that the new works were in progress, and would no doubt be received in time for their proper performance at the Festival. Besides those which had been accepted by the committee many other works had been offered, some by gentlemen who had composed works for the Festival before, and others by composers not known in Birmingham. The works chosen had been selected with great care, and for certain reasons which had had weight with the committee, who hoped the programme would be approved generally as an attractive one. With reference to the selection of a work by M. Gounod, Mr. Peyton said the committee hoped M. Gounod would some day take his place as one of the composers for these Festivals. They believed they might have included some short work of his at the ensuing Festival; but M. Gounod told them there was not the necessary time to undertake the composition of a large work. The gentleman who had undertaken their large work (Mr. Sullivan) had done it in a shorter time than M. Gounod would have required for a similar work. Having seen M. Gounod, he (Mr. Peyton) had taken upon himself to invite him to the Festival, in the hope that he would make himself acquainted with the sacred music performed there; but as he would then be on the Continent he would not be able to be present. The committee had had their eye upon M. Gounod for some time; it was impossible that a man of his eminence should not be regarded by them, and they hoped that he would compose a great work for the Birmingham Festival, which, from the communications laid before them, he was fully disposed to do. With regard to the performance of one of Beethoven's symphonies, which had often been mooted, the committee thought there ought to be a large portion of the audience who would desire to hear so important a work by such a band, and such means as they had at their disposal. It was a matter of regret to the committee that they had such an orchestra sitting idle, when merely a song or an Italian duet was being sung, and they thought there ought to be more instrumental music. As there was so large a number of persons among the audience who were musicians, a symphony of Beethoven was not only admissible but called for; and as there was an opportunity of including it in the programme for Wednesday evening, unless the general committee were of opinion that it was undesirable, they should include it. With regard to the engagement of the principal singers, that would come before the committee at the next meeting. They liked to postpone the engagements as long as they could in order to see what the London season brought forth.

The Chairman moved the adoption of the report, and the approval of the action of the Orchestral Committee, and observed that the performance of a symphony was a subject upon which opinions varied;

but, as they had one of the best bands that could be collected, the committee thought it was an occasion when a symphony should be performed.—Mr. Parsons seconded the motion, which was unanimously adopted.

The Chairman then moved that the scheme of performances recommended by the committee be adopted, with such alterations as circumstances might render necessary.—Mr. Everitt seconded the resolution, observing that he hoped no circumstance would render necessary the omission of the symphony proposed by Mr. Peyton.—The proposition was carried unanimously.

The Chairman proposed that the vice-presidents who were invited on the last occasion, with some few additions, be again invited to act as vice-presidents for the ensuing Festival. The additions were the Marquis of Hertford, Lord Yarmouth, the Bishops of Lichfield, Hereford, and Gloucester, Lord Clarendon, Lord Lewisham, and Mr. Lucy, of Charlecote.—Alderman Brinsley seconded the motion, and it was adopted.

On the proposition of the Chairman, seconded by Mr. C. Lawden, it was also resolved that the various sub-committees, when appointed, be instructed to observe strict economy, and take care that no expenditure is authorised which is not necessary for promoting the interests of the Festival.

The advertising and ticket and book committees were appointed; and a resolution was passed respectfully requesting the Council of the Midland Institute to grant the use of the Lecture Theatre for the choral rehearsals.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman for presiding concluded the business of the meeting.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The season was brought to an end on Saturday night, with a very effective performance of Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord*, in which, as before, Madame Adelina Patti and M. Faure represented the chief characters, the subordinate parts (also as before) being allotted to Mesdames Sinico and Demerice Lablache, Mlle. Sassi, Signors Bettini, Ciampi, Edardi, Capponi, Tagliafico, Raguer, and Manfredi. Signor Vianesi conducted in the orchestra. At the termination of the opera—followed, in accordance with traditional custom, by "God save the Queen"—Madame Patti (who gave the solo verses in our National Anthem) was summoned no less than four times before the curtain. The name of M. Faure was also loudly and repeatedly called; but that distinguished artist was probably more than content with the honours which had been paid to him after the first and second acts. At any rate, he did not answer the call. The house was crowded to the ceiling, and the opera, one of Meyerbeer's most brilliant and characteristic, in its peculiar way—indeed, one of his very best—has seldom been more keenly enjoyed.

The other representations during last week might be dismissed in a paragraph, not because they were in any sense devoid of interest, but because they were, for the greater part, repetitions.

First, there was the magnificent *Huguenots*, with Madame Adelina Patti, in lieu of Mlle. d'Angeri, as the heroine. Although this fresh effort, brilliant as it undoubtedly was, has not changed our opinion that Valentine is among those characters which, for certain reasons, do not lie easily within the means of one to whom almost every part in every style seems to come as easily as though she were born to it, there were features in Madame Patti's impersonation which placed it apart from any other Valentine we have seen. It is subtly conceived, and has been conscientiously studied throughout; and in one scene especially—the scene which follows the "Benediction of the Swords" (the famous duet between Valentine and Raoul), Madame Patti's singing and acting were beyond all praise, never, indeed, having been surpassed in our remembrance. Signor Nicolini, as Raoul de Nangis, if not invariably up to the mark, was always earnest, graceful, and manly in bearing, and evidently inspired by the genius of his gifted companion. The other characters were filled as usual.

Tuesday was marked by the appearance of a new soprano, Mme. Pezzotta, who, as Amelia in Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*, created a certain impression, but not such as to justify any hope that she has a chance of maintaining a position among the favoured *prime donne* of the Royal Italian Opera. That Madame Pezzotta possesses ability both as actress and singer is unquestionable—as unquestionable as that she brings to her task both spirit and intel-

ligence, and this was shown in more instances than one; yet, despite a good deal of applause from time to time, the general verdict could not be looked upon as favourable.

On Wednesday week there was a grand concert, in which nearly all the principal artists of the establishment took part; but, as the programme consisted almost exclusively of familiar pieces, heard not only at the operatic representations of the season, but at the attractive morning concerts which Mr. Gye has been giving, Saturday after Saturday, in that picturesque out-house, "Floral Hall," the performance does not call for detailed criticism, and the mere record of its success must suffice. On Thursday "the immortal *Barbiere*" was repeated, "for the benefit of Mme. Adelina Patti." Such a brilliant audience is not often assembled in a theatre, nor an audience more enthusiastic. How Madame Patti was received by her admirers, who, it can safely be asserted, included every one present, may be readily imagined. From the first peep at Rosina, at the window of Bartolo's house, to the moment when she grasps the hand of Almaviva, as her accepted spouse, the evening was a veritable *fête* for the charming songstress. She was applauded "to the echo" again and again, not only in "Una voce poco fa," and the duet with Figaro ("Dunque io son"), but in the "Shadow Song," from *Dinorah*, and "Home, sweet home," both (incongruously, we cannot but think, notwithstanding the long traditional tolerance of such interpolations) introduced in the "Lesson scene." To describe the scene at the end is out of our power. So many bouquets, wreaths, coronals, streamers, lyres, and what not, have rarely been thrown at the feet of a singer. If such demonstrations any are of worth, we cannot think of one who, by arduous and unremitting application, united to exceptional natural endowments, has deserved them better than Adelina Patti. She came to us, in 1861, a girl in her teens, and now, twelve years later, is universally recognized as "Operatic Queen." Friday was dedicated to a repetition, not the first by several, of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, the more interesting inasmuch as it was "for the benefit of Mlle. Albani." No dramatic singer of recent times has managed in so short a space of time to consolidate her claim to be regarded as an artist worthy to take, and, in all probability, destined to take, a position equal to the highest. About Mlle. Albani's performance of Lucia, her second character in 1872, and in some respects best suited to her talents and idiosyncrasy, it is unnecessary to speak again. Enough that she has never sang or acted better than on the occasion under notice. She, too, like her more experienced comrade, Madame Patti, was received with all possible demonstrations of favour by an audience which filled the theatre in every part. That in this fair young Canadian Mr. Gye has obtained a new and valuable acquisition is generally allowed. Every amateur of the Italian Opera must watch with interest her future career.

It would be superfluous to enter into a retrospective summary of the proceedings of the season, which, in so far as the production of novelties is concerned, has, like that of Her Majesty's Opera, been unusually barren. *Les Diamans de la Couronne* with Mme. Adelina Patti's Caterina, and *Ernani*, with the same lady's Elvira, may be said to include the whole. Some artists hitherto unknown to England have appeared; but only one of them has achieved a genuine success—viz., M. Maurel, a baritone-bass of thorough training and high accomplishments. Our own unrivalled Mr. Santley—who, for reasons not easily explained, seems to have abandoned the position he held so long and honourably in Italian opera—excepted, we are acquainted with no one so capable of filling the place of M. Faure as this gentleman. We have no other observations to make upon the season of 1873, to which, however independent of novelty, Mr. Gye has been able to give a certain *éclat*—thanks to the varied and extensive repertory he has at command. Whatever may be argued by connoisseurs about the system of employing two conductors for the same orchestra, it can hardly be denied that Mr. Gye, in this instance is fortunate. Signors Vianesi and Bevignani both rendered him excellent service. Upon the former has devolved the lion's share of work in the course of the season; but to the latter was entrusted the direction of some important operas; and, like his partner, whose ability is universally acknowledged, Signor Bevignani acquitted himself well.

THE CAST OF BEETHOVEN.*

Danhauser, the painter, was an ardent admirer of Beethoven, whom he had met at many musical gatherings in Vienna. It is undoubtedly true that Beethoven was rather brusque, and carefully avoided forming any new acquaintanceship whatever, but Danhauser's frank and affable manners produced a very favourable impression on him. After the two had met accidentally several times, Danhauser thought he should like to take a cast of Beethoven's face, so as to preserve for Posterity a faithful portrait of the great man. He mentioned his wish on the first opportunity, but Beethoven, under various pretexts, endeavoured to avoid compliance, confessing that he had not the slightest wish to see his features reproduced, and that he was too impatient to endure being *poséd*. Danhauser, however, was not so easily beaten. He never ceased vaunting the merit of a model taken from nature, adding that Beethoven owed it to Posterity to hand down to them his features. Danhauser pleaded his cause so warmly that at length Beethoven yielded, and a day was named for him to go to the painter's house. At that time, besides painting in oil, Danhauser devoted a great deal of his time to modelling, and inventing patterns, for a manufactory of furniture and wood-carvings, left him by his father.

Joseph Danhauser, a pupil of Peter Craft, was born at Vienna in 1805. His genre pictures are very valuable. Among the best known are "The Oculist," "The Opening of the Will," and the "Convent Supper." Many of his historical pictures, also, are worthy of notice, especially the picture which adorns the high altar of the Cathedral, Eylau, and which represents Saint Stephen and Abraham repudiating Agar. Danhauser died in the flower of his age in 1845, in his father's house, Vienna. His name has been given to the street he inhabited.

At last the day so impatiently expected arrived; the day on which Beethoven had promised to go to Danhauser's. The great composer kept his word and was most warmly welcomed. After a short conversation Danhauser prepared for work. Beethoven, after taking off his cloak and cravat, was requested to sit down.

"You will not hurt my head, I suppose," observed the composer, somewhat dismayed at the preparations he beheld going on.

Danhauser tranquillized him, promising to be quick, so as to abbreviate as much as possible anything there might be disagreeable in the process. To Beethoven's great astonishment the painter began by pasting thin strips of paper on his eyebrows, and by smearing with an oleaginous liquid all parts of his face where there was any hair. He then asked the composer to put a small tube in his mouth, and to shut his eyes. The reader must know that, to take the cast of a face, the latter is covered with tepid plaster in a liquid state. The plaster soon gets cold, and forms a solid mass, which, when removed, contains the exact linaments of the countenance. The operation is exceedingly disagreeable for those subjected to it, because the face is, so to speak, walled in, and the patient can breathe only through a small pipe or tube. Besides this, the plaster, when drying, produces a very painful sensation, to say nothing of the fact that it is no easy matter to remove the cast, because every hair adhering to the plaster is productive of pain. Danhauser had purposely omitted explaining all this to the composer, for fear the latter should refuse to undergo the ordeal. Beethoven had, therefore, not the slightest suspicion of what was in store for him. After the first few passes of the brush employed to lay on the plaster, he seemed alarmed, but, when the plaster, in drying, began swelling, and irritating his cheeks and forehead, he was both horrified and greatly enraged. He bounded to his feet, with his hair on end, and, while endeavouring to get rid of the plaster, exclaimed:—

"You are an impostor, a scoundrel, a monster!"

"For Heaven's sake, *Capellmeister*!" stammered Danhauser, confused and stupefied. But Beethoven, without allowing him to conclude his sentence, vociferated furiously:—

"Blackguard—cannibal!"

"Permit me to ——" said Danhauser.

"Keep off," roared Beethoven. Flinging his chair away, and catching up his cloak and hat, he rushed towards the door.

Danhauser ran after him to offer his excuses. But Beethoven, without deigning to hear a word, exclaimed: "Be off, you villain, knave, assassin. Take care never to come near me, for I will strangle you."

Having uttered these words he went out, swearing and stamping his feet, with his face all plastered over with white, like that of the spectre in *Don Juan*. The door was slammed violently to, and the unfortunate painter, terrified and confused, could still hear at a distance the maledictions and imprecations which the composer was hurling at his head. After that Beethoven would not hold the slightest communication with Danhauser. Every time he saw him, even at a distance, he flew into a passion, and avoided him as much as he could.

It was not long, however, before Danhauser did take a cast of the great composer's face after all, and that, too, without exciting any outburst of rage. Beethoven was dead!

We may mention a tragi-comic incident which marked the occasion. Having received the consent of the *Hofrath* Breuning, and of Schindler, the Chapelmaster, Beethoven's friends, Danhauser, accompanied by his colleague, the painter Ranft, proceeded to the house of mourning. After finishing a pencil portrait of the illustrious Dead, Danhauser was about to take the much-coveted cast, when he was stopt by an unexpected obstacle. Beethoven had not been shaved for several days during his last illness, and it was absolutely necessary that the beard should come off. Danhauser sent for a barber, but the latter asked a ducat for what he was to do, and, small though the sum was, the two artists did not possess so much. They were consequently obliged to send away the barber and manage without him. Ranft found a razor which he had ground. Danhauser lathered the face; Ranft shaved it, and then at last Danhauser took the cast. It was from this that the sculptor Dietrich modelled his bust of Beethoven, the only one faithfully reproducing the features of the immortal composer.—AUGUSTO WILKÉ.

POPULAR CONCERTS IN GERMANY.*

During the last few years, the interest formerly evinced by the public for concerts has certainly been diverted from them to opera. It is a rare occurrence even for the most celebrated artists now-a-days to fill a room; while the public flock to hear any opera in which a popular *cantatrice* or a favourite tenor appears. In some small towns concerts are, to some extent, prevented from falling into neglect by the local musical societies, which engage artists for a fixed sum, but even they can invite only such artists as have already achieved a reputation, while the number of candidates far surpasses that of those elected. In large capitals these societies cannot well exist, because the entire organization of the concert system is different. There is no regular public which can be relied on, one year with another, and any system of concerts must have a completely different foundation. There is more chance that an association founded for purely musical objects will prosper in smaller towns, because the relations between the management and the public are more intimate, and the opinion of the latter carries weight with it outside as well as inside the concert-room; but in a large town a combination of this nature would not be attended with a beneficial result, for the following reasons:—

If the founders of such a society are private persons who attend to it from a mere love of art, they will soon perceive that it is impossible for them, with their regular professional duties, to devote unflagging attention and labour to their task, and concentrate all their efforts on one point. If, again, the majority of the founders consist of men of rank, or even men of independent means, following, therefore, no settled occupation, the undertaking is still worse off, because such individuals, in their zeal for the artistic Ideal floating before their minds, entirely lose sight of the practical part of the question, and waste more money than they spend judiciously. No board of directors, as it is termed, has hitherto, in large cities, advanced the interest of any art institution, no matter how heavy the sacrifices they have made. The case is even worse when only musicians are at the head of such an undertaking, because they cannot easily work well together, and because,

* From *La Gazette Musicale*.

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

at the same time, they are placed as directors and musicians in opposition to public opinion, and, also, because a continuance of the enterprise is combined with sacrifices which they cannot be expected to make. We are not, of course, speaking of Subscription Concerts, which, being got up by firmly established musical bodies for a definite purpose (a fund for widows of deceased members, a sick fund, &c.), must be limited to a certain number of evenings, a certain kind of entertainment, and a certain class of subscribers. We are now speaking of concerts like the Monday Popular Concerts in London, and of the concerts given by M. Padeloup in Paris. And let it be here laid down as a fixed principle that such undertakings can be set on foot only by a private person, or by a musician, who, like M. Padeloup, acts merely as conductor. Nay, we almost feel inclined to assert that M. Padeloup's example cannot possibly be taken as a model in Germany, because M. Padeloup possesses, perhaps, more talent as an arranger than as a conductor, and because he had the skill to make a number of experiments, before he could so cleverly combine the various threads as to achieve such satisfactory results. He began with an orchestra of boys, with the *Concerts des jeunes Artistes*, and has ended in rivalling the concerts of the Conservatory. A German musician would hardly go through such experiments and ordeals, nor would he meet with the support which M. Padeloup could boast. It is, unfortunately, a fact only too frequently demonstrated that in all musical undertakings which have met with the slightest reverse the interest in them, no matter how lively it may have been at first, has cooled down, and, however favourably they were afterwards being developed, they have been wrecked by the stolid apathy of the public.

A German Arthur Chappell—combining a correct knowledge of artistic matters with business experience, and not appearing himself in the undertaking—would, supposing he possessed the necessary means and the necessary perseverance, have a most brilliant chance; but, of course, he would have to secure the very best artists to support him. For any other persons however, especially professional musicians, who must always be appearing themselves, there are such very great obstacles to surmount that, sooner or later, they are obliged to abandon the wearisome road that leads to no goal.

THE SYDENHAM MUSICAL CONTESTS.

(From the Liverpool "Porcupine.")

One of the most pleasant and healthy signs of the times is the taste which appears to be growing amongst us for the cultivation of music. In Liverpool, much as we pride ourselves upon our cleverness and our gentility, we are far behind Manchester in this branch of the art, and in England, as a country, we are greatly behind Germany. True, we have in Liverpool some accomplished musicians; but, taking the town as a whole, music, and particularly vocal music, is not pursued with an ardour at all in proportion to the means for its cultivation, and the varied and refined pleasures which it affords. We cannot be always carrying about with us trombones, violoncellos, flutes, and corneopans, nor is it always desirable that, at home or abroad, our experiments upon these instruments should be continuous; for, however interesting they may be to ourselves, our neighbours are not always inclined to regard our early struggles with the affectionate toleration shown by our own relatives and friends. But every one is gifted with a voice which, by a little care and practice, may be trained to some degree of tune and harmony, and which may often be educated to take an effective part in the finest vocal compositions of the masters. Extremes illustrate most forcibly the value of cultivating a natural gift of this kind; and while the performance of the Representative Liverpool Choir, which took part in the National Music Meetings at Sydenham, shows what may be done by the combined practice of good and well selected voices, so the ordinary experience of an untrained man attempting a song, or the murder of harmony which one hears continually in a church or chapel congregation, shows the depth of vocal degradation in which too many of us are content to wallow. We hope that the concert of Tuesday night will tend to stimulate the love and practice of choral music in families. Certainly it would both be more pleasurable and elevating to hear the sons and daughters of a household uniting in the grand and beautiful harmonies of Handel and Haydn, Beethoven and Mendelssohn, than to find them soar no higher than the namby-pamby and soulless airs of the singing-saloon or the burlesque stage.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

30th July, 1873.

On Wednesday last, as a "representation extraordinaire," we had a performance of Flotow's *L'Ombre*, by four members of the Opéra Comique company, of Paris, who are now on a starring tour about this part of France. It was to be regretted that they gave only one performance, and arrived only at mid-day on Wednesday, thereby precluding a rehearsal, and a consequent efficient orchestra. A piano, with some violins and basses, were "all the sound we heard" as accompanists, and I must say the loss of support for the voice, especially that of the flute and reed instruments, was very evident. The "gods" and "gentlemen seated under the boxes," after requesting in their usual familiar way that the overture should commence, pronounced their disapprobation that there were not at least thirty-two in the orchestra. The stage manager had a "ring up," and explained the fact that M. de Flotow had composed music to M. de St. George's *opéra comique* for a full orchestra, but had also arranged the same, so that it could be performed by an orchestra similar to the one now in the house. The opera was a success, and deserved the applause it met with, and I hope we may again see at Boulogne Mdlle. Priola, Mdlle. Galli-Marié, M. Falchieri, and M. Lhérie. I would especially note with praise the quartet during the supper scene (Act 1).

The regular operas during the week have been *Guillaume Tell*, *La Juive*, and *La Favorite*, as grand operas, and *Faust* as *opéra comique*. The first opera went well, our new tenor, M. Gericault, singing well, especially in the duet with Mdlle. Telmar, but his enthusiasm got, perhaps, the better of his judgment, and he was tired out before the end of the opera. The orchestra was all that could be wished; the overture very good; the flute solo exceptionally so (played by M. Miramont). The duo with Mathilde, "Idole de mon âme," and the famous "Sûvez moi," at the end of Act 4, were noticeable for their correctness.

La Juive on Saturday, in which M. Gericault sang the part of Eléazar, was also a success. The *timbre* of M. Gericault's voice is clear and good, and I believe he is an artist M. Clement and the frequenters of the Salle Monsigny will not repent having at Boulogne, to interpret many tenor rôles. The performance of *La Favorite* last night was grand—M. Gericault at his best—and we were introduced to a new artist, Mdlle. Peyret (contralto). Her voice is pure, strong, of large compass, and bears evidence of having been under the direction of a good and careful professor. It astonishes one to see a very young lady so very undeveloped physically, and hear such "tones" as she brought out last evening. The quartet and chorus (Act 3) obtained a recall for the artists. *Faust* was repeated with the same *caste* as before on Sunday.

Prospective opera arrangements. A Mdlle. Poitevin arrives to-day to take the place of Mdlle. Crouzat (soprano). M. Ytrac (barytone) leaves to-morrow, being *remplacé* by a M. Budent.

At the Etablissement *matinée musicale* on Sunday last, Mdlle. Hohenberg (cantatrice Suédoise) sang an aria from *Der Freischütz*, and "Je ne puis espérer," by M. Gounod. Mdlle. Holmberg, I have already mentioned in your columns as having been good enough to sing four times here for different charities.

Boulogne is getting very "crammed" (more than full), and we are all getting busy—no wonder! This weather makes people both in London and Paris sigh and say "Oh for the sea," or, "Over the sea!"—in fact the sea! the sea!! the open sea!!! the sea they often wished to see before they see the sea. (N.B.) The open C is no relation to the musical note (Do). Got at by some singers and *fished* for by others!

I have just come from a concert at the Etablissement, given by Herr Dulcken (pianist). It was a great success. A concerto by Mendelssohn for pianoforte and orchestra, and "Marianina" (*chant populaire Italien*), arranged by Herr Dulcken, went off with *éclat*. Herr Dulcken has a nice touch and brilliant execution. He is a son of the late Mdme. Dulcken, who, I believe was pianist to the Queen of England. S. C.

SIGNOR ARDITI left London on Monday for Italy, where he remains a month, returning to London previous to his departure for St. Petersburg.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1873.

WE have received a letter, the meaning of which (had he read it—not without) Propertius might have explained, but which would have puzzled Tibullus, given Catullus the headache, and caused Persius and Martial each to turn a couple of somersaults. We nevertheless give it a place in our leading columns, because it has dropped from the pen of an earnest and conscientious writer, who speaks not only from his brain, or brains, but from his heart, or heart of hearts. His *nom de plume*, "Idealiser," inapt as it may appear to some, is enough to ensure a hearing, or reading, for what so eager and anything but catachrestical a writer has to urge; and thus, without farther preliminary, we present his missive to our readers:—

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—“Still they come.” Grumbling letters about English opera. What do the writers mean! What is English opera? Not what *might* it be; but what *is* it? Three songs and a break-down, if such as the *Beggars' Opera* be taken for a sample, would be a not very inaccurate definition. The subject is important, or so many people would not be interested in inquiring about it. A discussion of its claims in an impartial spirit could be productive of only good results. Your latest correspondent, R. C., asks “Why English opera should be allowed to die out?”—A fair question, entitled to a fair reply. Without pretending to supply a complete answer to the question, I may be allowed, perhaps, to attempt an instalment, by way of whetting further inquiry, of some few items in the reason why. First, there is latent opposition to everything theatrical prevalent in dominant circles. Second, there is an absence of earnestness in English composers. Third, there is a slipshod way of putting English opera upon the stage that is simply suicidal. From these causes English opera has died! Possessing neither breath of life nor reason to live, it has done the next best thing it could—namely, passed away. Is this the view we are to take of the question, or can any other be supplied?—If the English opera consists of but occasional songs, we have now the very institution in a more flourishing condition than ever before. How can this be asked?—I will reply. As the English opera is but a *string of ballads*, the Music Hall organization has supplied the English opera. But how about the scenery?—Well, plays may be rendered with meagre substitutes for scenes, and many of our Music Halls put on a better drawing-room scene, for “I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,” than many of the theatres proper. Then as to frequency, I suppose “The Death of Nelson,” the leading *scena* in the opera of the Americans, “Let me like a Soldier fall,” the great tenor air in *Maritana*, and “Tom Bowling,” representing Dildin's opera, are performed many times over for once of the most popular foreign opera extant. I estimate that these three songs are sung at least a *million of times*, in England only, *every year*. Now, it must be a good Italian opera that is done even *ten times* a year in London. But suppose *Faust* is done fifty times a year in various places, which is as much as it is, I will undertake inferentially and circumstantially to demonstrate—that it would be but a mere expenditure of postage stamps and time statistically to corroborate irrefragably—that either of the songs I have named—“Tom Bowling” for instance—has been sung a *hundred thousand times* in the same period. Most likely double and treble that number. English opera, then, actual, real, gets performed in England, as compared with foreign opera, at the rate of about a *thousand to one*. And yet we have the old drivell and grunt about the decay of English opera! “Ah”—say some—“but we don't get the dialogue.” The talking, I assert, is not opera at all, unless one might call it *Irish opera*. It is not part of the business of a musical man to groan and fuss about the *talking* being left out.

“But the choruses?”—it will be asked. Well, about the choruses I do

not know one worth preserving that has not been heard hundreds of times by our public. Look at the English opera, *Guy Mannering*. I could easily prove that the glee-chorus, “The Cough and the Crow,” has been performed a *hundred thousand times* in public for every *once* of the most popular foreign opera that ever held the stage. Let us away with this grumbling and complaining spirit. Let our young composers write only when they have *melodies* to put on paper. They will then find that their English operas will possess an innate, perennial charm, which not even the frosts of adverse criticism, nor, far worse, the undue caressings of over-fond sponsors, can wither or destroy. They will find that though all they write may not be equally acceptable, what is good is sure to live. Those who observe will see the core of the English opera transplanted into the conservatory of the exotic—in the *Barbiere di Siviglia* of Rossini, our own Bishop's “Home, sweet home.”*

May I ask that if any of your gifted correspondents wish to contravene what I have said, they will kindly put their names to their lucubrations. I will then, to the best of my ability, endeavour to carry the subject further; but of merely personal controversy I shall take no notice.—Yours very truly,
JULY 28th, 1873. IDEALISER.

To this, possibly, Julius Cæsar Vanini might have replied: “*Huic argumento respondent adversarii adeo vareò, ambigè, perplexè,*” &c., &c. But let that pass. Although it was said by Hieronymus Cardanus (and pre-said in fluxer language by Pomponatius), few who have pondered the subject will be disposed to question the axiom—“*Divina pars in nobis odoribus gaudet,*” &c., &c. By ponder, we, of course, mean *twigh*. Now, it may be doubted whether “Idealiser,” though he may have balanced, has accurately *twighed*. But let that pass.

Our own private opinion is that such matters require serious consideration. We never had the slightest inclination towards stoicism; but that, it may be said, with more or less truth, is a little beside the question. Let us grant as much; and what then?—Has “Idealiser” established his case? That he has taken an *immediate position* we own. Yet there is a manner of taking a position, be it immediate or tardy. And herein lies the kernel of the argument (—aye, and the captain, too). Pascal says, in his famous *Pensées*, many good things, but none better than this:—“*Comme la mode fait l'agrément aussi fait elle la justice*”—unless it be that sentence in which he argues that, had the nose of Cleopatra been a very little longer, or a very little shorter, the whole future of the world might have been changed. But such complex elenches can only be properly discussed by philosophers like John Oxenford, Shirley Brooks, and J. V. Bridgeman, among the living; Douglas Jerrold and Horace Mayhew among the dead. We have not the slightest tooth against “Idealiser;” but he should be careful when he puts his finger out to touch—for it cannot justly (or at any rate *proberbially*) be said of “Idealiser” what Dr. Samuel Johnson, of the *Rambler*, the *Dictionary*, and *Rasselas*, said of Oliver Goldsmith, which, being unable to bring to mind, we are not able to cite “on the spur of the moment.”

“*Hunc est bibendum,*” says Flaccus. George Grove, the *cumini* sector, is abroad; so is Josephus Bennetteus; and Auguste Manns has to depend solely on his own proper resources. *Terruit urbem* (an “Adonic,” or “Dactylic dimeter—all the same).

If we have in any way hurt the feelings of “Idealiser,” or caressed him *à rebrousse poil*, we are sorry; but he ought to remember what Montaigne says:—“*Tu hardiesse se represente, quand il est besaing, aussi magnifiquement en pourpoint qu'en armes.*” We do not remind him of this in a spirit of malice, but ———.

DISHLEY PETERS.

* Which is not our own Bishop's.—A. S. S.

FERDINAND DAVID (CONCERTMEISTER).

It is doubtful whether it is happiness to attain old age. But it is assuredly something inexpressibly sad to see our best friends and companions, with whom we have lived and laboured, with whom we have shared so many joys and so many woes, pass away to that bourne whence no one returns. It is only a few weeks since that we lost here poor Wolfgang Müller, and now we are startled by the report that Ferdinand David has died in Switzerland, and will be buried to-morrow in Leipsic. He was very ill at the beginning of last winter, but recovered and devoted himself once more with all fidelity to his profession. About six weeks ago he wrote, in his humorous way: "I am going on tolerably, and have picked up pretty well. I shall never be quite well again, however, and have, therefore, made up my mind to take care of myself incessantly—a rather depressing business. But I can work, eat, and sleep—the last especially, with more virtuosity than anything else; my good humour and a certain lightness of heart have not yet deserted me, so I shall be thankful if things turn out no worse. At the end of next month I return to Tarasp, to breathe the air 4,000 feet high, and drink chalybeate water; the first is certainly the higher enjoyment of the two." And now he has ceased to breathe at all.

If he had been obliged to take such care of himself—if he had been compelled to give up the exercise of his art, we must account him fortunate in dying, since, without his art, for him there was no life. Pupils, Gewandhaus Concerts, and music-paper—how could he have lived without them? It was only in the most incessant, in the most energetic exertion that, strange as it may sound, he found—repose.

There is, perhaps, no musician living who devoted talent, powers, and knowledge to the benefit of art with such irrepressible and ardent zeal as David. Summoned to Leipsic by Mendelssohn, he worked there for nearly forty years with the most gratifying results. He sent forth innumerable and admirable pupils into the world, he filled the orchestra with his tone and his enthusiasm, while he delighted and educated the public by the most thoroughly excellent performances of masterpieces without end. Not only did he enrich violin literature by his own sterling, clever, and effective compositions, but he was the first to render accessible, and to restore to publicity, numerous treasures of former times. As a teacher he lived to teach, assisting hundreds by his correct judgment, by his rich experience, and by his friendly advice. Hospitable, witty, good-humoured at home, a most affectionate husband and father, clever, vivacious, and amusing wherever he went, he never lost a minute. For everything important, too, discovered, written, or taught, beyond the sphere of his own art, he manifested a most lively interest. When he put down the violin, and laid his paper on one side, the best works he could find to read were good enough for him. His post in Leipsic is to be given to another, who, no doubt, will prove worthy of it; but to supply his place is hardly possible.

Yet, especially for the last few years, David had many opponents, and was subjected to the most unmerited attacks, and that partly in the very town of which he was such an ornament. The old story of Aristides is as young as ever. Men are tired of hearing any one called "The Just" too long.

To me he was a true friend for fifty years, since we first played music together as boys. For how much that was kind and good have I not to thank him! And how many are there in the same position as myself! Let such persons, when they peruse these lines, allow their own reminiscences of the Deceased to pass in review before their souls. Our greatest and most elevating consolation for the painful loss of any eminent man we loved, is to realise his individuality, to render clear to ourselves what he was, and what he was to us. It is gratifying, also, to be able to say that we, too, were something to him.

Cologne, 21st July, 1873.

FERDINAND HILLER.

SIGNOR BEVIGNANI left London on Monday last for Brescia, and other cities of Italy. He will return to London previous to going to Moscow, where he is engaged as *chef d'orchestre* at the Imperial Italian Opera.

THE LITTLE GOATHERD.*

(From "Another World.")

In speaking of the "choice of a husband," I referred to the only case I recollected where the lady's hesitation rendered a third meeting necessary. The exception was interesting.

Early in my reign, whilst one day walking near the sea-shore, I was struck by the appearance of a little girl who was attending a flock of goats. A kid had fallen over a rock into the sea. The child was a lovely creature, with a beautiful complexion, handsome and expressive eyes, small hands and feet, and silken hair flowing over her shoulders. Her beauty was heightened by the expression of tenderness and grief at the loss of the kid. I was greatly interested, and watched her movements unperceived. She showed great intelligence and presence of mind.

Near the sea grows a peculiar kind of stringy reed, very strong and pliable. She tied several of these reeds together, made a noose at one end, and with the other end tied herself to a rock near the edge of the precipice, that she might not overbalance herself, and be dragged down, in her endeavours to recover her kid. She then threw down the noose at the other end of the line, and, after one or two attempts, succeeded with great dexterity in getting it round the body of the kid, which she gradually hauled up to the rock where she stood. Her movements were most graceful, and her address and dexterity truly astonishing. As soon as her success was complete she fondled and embraced the kid as though it had been a favourite sister whom she had saved.

In straining over the precipice she had drawn the knot that secured her to the rock so tight that she could not liberate herself until I came to her assistance and set her free. I then talked with her, and found that she had remarkable capacity, tenderness, and sweetness of nature, but was altogether uninstructed. I said to myself, it is impossible that a creature could be found so beautiful and intelligent unless Providence had intended her for something better than her present occupation.

By my orders she was thoroughly educated and cared for. She showed great aptitude for her appointed studies, and, having passed one ordeal after another with great honour, she was ultimately, thanks to our institutions, deemed worthy of a superior rank, and became one of our great ladies. In mind, form, and feature, she was a remarkable person, and her manners were most sweet and fascinating. She was a frequent guest at my palace. I delighted in her discourse on the rare occasions when my occupations gave me the opportunity of conversation.

Gratitude to her benefactor had given rise to a deep affection. Observing this, I told her that the peculiarity of my position, and the necessity for completing my great work, had decided me not to marry, and that the affection of a friend was all that I could give her. Marry, I said, and I will always watch over you. Had I felt disposed to marry, she would have been my wife. In obedience to my wishes, she allowed the "marriage choice meeting" to be called. She was so beautiful and engaging that the number of competitors was far beyond that required to complete the meeting. The suitors selected were the most promising young men in the city, and held the highest positions, but all the three several marriage meetings remained without result, except to confirm her resolution not to marry.

By our laws, every woman, however high in rank, who elects to remain single, is obliged to follow a calling adapted to her capacity and inclination. The interesting person of whom I have spoken possessed a peculiar talent for inventing and improving ciphers for telegraphic correspondence. This was turned to account. She was also entrusted with the superintendence and examination of reports made by those charged with the instruction of clerks engaged in the telegraph department, and proved superior in every important particular to any and all of the men occupied in similar pursuits.

* "The flower is hidden until the electricities of the sun and light draw it forth into life and beauty."

PROVINCIAL.

LIVERPOOL.—We take the following from a highly esteemed Liverpool daily paper:—

"The concert promised by the Representative Choir after the victory at Sydenham is to take place in the Philharmonic Hall on the 12th of August, and will be under the patronage of the Mayor, Mr. Robertson Gladstone, and Mr. J. B. Cooper, who have all taken the warmest interest in the choir from the commencement. In addition to selections from the competitive pieces there will be sung an anthem, specially composed by Sir John Goss, and a part-song, also composed expressly for the choir by Mr. J. L. Hatton, entitled 'Going Away.' The fact of two such eminent musicians having courted the muse for the benefit of the Representative and the St. Nicholas Choirs is testimony of which the choristers ought to feel exceedingly proud. It should be mentioned that the performance will be given by three choral bodies (though each is incorporated with the Representative Choir)—there being in addition to the Representative Choir, the St. Nicholas Choir and the Liverpool Vocalists' Union, the latter of which sang before the judges at the Crystal Palace, and obtained a certificate for their excellent singing. No doubt the deep interest that has been awakened in the competitive singers, and an anxiety which must naturally be felt to hear the vocalists who so triumphantly maintained the musical reputation of the good old town, will bring an overflowing audience. The management of the entertainment will be in the hands of Messrs. Phillips and Hart."

ORGAN RECITALS.

On Thursday evenings, 17th and 24th July, two organ recitals were given at the Parish Church, Cranbrook, the proceeds being devoted as a present to the blower, Stephen Jenner. It is seldom the faithful attendant who supplies the medium through which the delightful music of the organ is conveyed to the ear of the listener is thus remembered; and the organist, Mr. H. Woolley, deserves honourable mention for setting so worthy an example. The aged servant of the church in whose behalf the performances were got up, has been "at the bellows" for about fifty-three years. Every one who plays the organ knows how pleasant it is to have this department satisfactorily attended to. What would an organist not give if he could make sure that his wind would not be "let out" for half a century? Old Jenner, though blind, has throughout maintained a character for punctuality and attention that, even in so humble a sphere, one is glad to find not allowed to pass without appreciation. The organ is a beautiful instrument of modern construction, and has been placed in the church through the liberality of a gentleman amateur.

G. T.

Times for Music.

CHARITY.*

I.
Fair was she to view,
That Italian maid,
In dress of gay hue
And beauty arrayed.
With her swift bright eye,
Like the blackberry,
Who, as I passed by,
Cried, "Have charity!"

II.
So sadly she smiled,
How could I say "No?"
For me she beguiled
With her tale of woe.
So, hoping to save
Her again troubling me,
A coin I gave
Just for charity.

III.
But that was not all;
For, as here I stand,
My heart I let fall
Straight into her hand.
So she said she'd make
Her husband of me,
Not for my own sake,
But for charity.

ERNEST HOUGHTON.

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"HOME! SWEET HOME!"

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Most persons in England believe that the question as to who composed the above world-known ballad was settled long since. They will, therefore, be surprised to hear that it has been again taken up in America, where some individuals now assert that John Payne, to whom a monument is about to be erected in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, wrote both the music and the words. We are informed that Payne was born in New York, and led a highly eventful life; that he was successively a clerk, a newspaper writer, a literary man generally, an actor, an operatic composer, and a diplomatist, in which last capacity he acted as Consul at Tunis, where he died, after a long and painful illness in 1852. We learn that he composed "Home, sweet Home!" in a garret in Paris, when, far from his native land, he was in a state of the greatest distress. Like everything else, which ever made a sensation and marked an epoch in the domain of art, it was, as it were, created with the author's heart-blood. It was first sung with tremendous success by Miss M. Tree, at Covent Garden Theatre, London, and quickly became so popular that in two years the publishers sold 100,000 copies, and gained 10,000 dollars. With this song, Miss Tree conquered the heart of an Albion Croesus, and Kemble, the manager, cleared a large sum. Payne, we are further told, composed, also, an opera called *Clari*, which brought him in just as little as "Home, sweet Home!" The New York *Evening Mail* favours its readers with two previously unpublished verses of the song. They are stated to have been written by Payne, and presented by him in the winter of 1833 or 1834 to an American lady in London.

Such is the claim now put forward by some of the American papers in favour of John Payne. Up to the present moment, I always laboured under the impression that Sir Henry Bishop composed "Home, Sweet Home" as well as the opera of *Clari*, in which the song was sung for the first time. At any rate, Sir Henry, in a letter dated the 17th December, 1849, and sent by him from London to Mrs. Scarisbrick of Liverpool, says he did so. He states, moreover, that Mme Pasta was so fond of the song as to induce him to believe that, on her return to Italy, she begged Donizetti to introduce it into his *Anna Bolena*, on which he was then employed. This, Sir Henry adds, will account for a part of the melody being found in Donizetti's work.

Sir Henry's letter was published in the *Athenæum*, about the beginning of last year.

Before concluding, I may mention another delusion of mine I always fancied Miss M. Tree married the late Mr. John Kemble Chapman, proprietor of the *Sunday Times*. Whether he was the "Albion Croesus" in question, I cannot say. Perhaps you, Mr. Editor, can throw a light on the subject. Yours, truly,
ENQUIRER.

THE ROBERT FRANZ FUND.

(From Dwight's Boston "Journal of Music.")

The undersigned acknowledge with many thanks the following contributions to the fund in behalf of Robert Franz:—

"Net proceeds at a private concert given at Mechanics' Hall, May 31, 1873, \$1,238.02; Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw, \$1,100.00; Sebastian B. Schlesinger, \$400.00; Mrs. and Miss Tappan, \$300.00; Barthold Schlesinger, \$300.00; Mrs. and the Misses Cary, \$270.00; Mrs. George R. Russell, \$100.00; Miss E. F. Mason, \$50.00; Mrs. C. W. Huntington, \$50.00; Mrs. George D. Howe, \$50.00; Mrs. Samuel Hooper, \$50.00; Mrs. S. G. Ward, \$50.00; Mrs. A. Hemenway, \$50.00; Miss A. Hooper, \$50.00; Mrs. Henry Higginson, \$50.00; Cash, \$50.00; Cash, \$47.19; Miss Clara Doria, \$25.00; Mr. Charles Howe, \$25.00; Miss Pearson, \$25.00; Mrs. L. Agassiz, \$25.00; Mrs. Alex. Agassiz, \$25.00; Mrs. Cabot Lodge, \$20.00; Mrs. John Lodge, \$20.00; C. Petersilea, \$10.00; Mrs. F., \$5.00; Cash, \$5.79—Total, \$4,381.00."

It is earnestly hoped that the same effort which has so successfully been made in Boston in behalf of the great song composer will also be made in other cities of the United States. The undersigned will be happy to take charge of and to transmit any sums that may be entrusted to their care.

L. AGASSIZ, J. S. DWIGHT, H. L. HIGGINSON, OTTO DRESEL,
SEBASTIAN B. SCHLESINGER (Committee). H. L. HIGGINSON,
Treasurer.

40, State Street, Boston.

Shaber Silber across others' matters.

A race would seem to be going on among managers, each anxious to get his theatre shut up before the others. Mr. Buckstone was the first to reach the desired goal, in token of which the Haymarket was closed some weeks ago. Then Mr. Mapleson, undeterred by the fact that he had not yet been able to produce the promised *Talisman*, brought the season at Her Majesty's Opera to an end the Saturday before last. Mr. Gye gave his final performance at the Royal Italian Opera on Saturday. Messrs. Valnay and Pitron took their farewell benefit at the Princess's Theatre on Monday; the season at the Prince of Wales's Theatre terminates on Saturday next, and for Saturday also the last representation of opera or *opera bouffe* is announced at the St. James's.

We entertain but the very faintest admiration for *opera bouffe*, which was tolerable enough in the hands of Offenbach when Offenbach alone cultivated it, but it is not by any means supportable as produced, at the rate of one buffoonish opera per month, by a "servile herd" of imitators. Offenbach, if he had been moderately successful instead of being what he has been for years past the most popular composer in Europe, would have escaped the constant and often well-deserved attacks of which he has been made the mark. For, in attacking the great composer of the period, critics have really been directing their arrows or their yard measures at the public, over which he has exercised everywhere the sort of influence attributed to his own Orpheus performing "aux enfers." If Offenbach had written nothing but *Orphée aux Enfers*, *Barbe-Bleue*, *La Belle Hélène*, and the historical *Grand Duchess*, his success might have been forgiven him. No one has preserved the programme of the pieces played before Napoleon and the "pitiful of kings" at Erfurt; but the *Grand Duchess* will always be known in connection with the great meeting of sovereigns held at Paris in the memorable year of the Exhibition, only to be surpassed in significance and importance by the still more memorable year of the war. Counting crowned heads and heirs-apparent together, every throne in Europe must have been represented at the performances of Mdlle. Schneider of Gerolstein—which, by the way, is no imaginary place, but a little town in the Trèves district, which, if the French had been able to execute their original plan of campaign, must at once have fallen into their hands. The *furor* caused by the *Grand Duchess* had its effect not only upon the very public which it had roused, and which demanded to be roused again, but also on the composers of France, who, finding that *opera bouffe* had become the rage, cultivated it to the exclusion of everything else. Hervé arose and produced the masterpiece originally known as *V'lan dans l'œil*, which afterwards received the more refined title of *L'œil Crévé*. *L'œil Crévé* was succeeded by *Le petit Faust*; Jonas followed in the wake of Hervé, and Delibes in that of Jonas. The company of burlesque composers was further strengthened by the accession of Lecocq, who, like Delibes and Jonas, had previously sought reputation as a composer, not, perhaps of serious, but at least of graceful music. As for Hervé, it was reported that he had been an organist, and some even said that he had written a Mass. Nothing of this kind could be alleged against Offenbach. He at least forsook no other style for that of the *opera bouffe*, which he himself invented. *Mon verre n'est pas grand*, he might say, in the words of a man slightly his superior; *mais je bois dans mon verre*; and it is rather hard for him that a number of other composers with no glasses of their own should insist on joining in his libations. The alleged origin of Offenbach's addiction to *opera-bouffe* is curious enough, but quite intelligible. He was for many years orchestral conductor at the Théâtre Français, where the classical personages of the French pseudo-classical drama, with their interminable tirades, are said to have inspired him with an antipathy to which he gave ironical expression, first in *Orphée*, and afterwards with the greatest possible freedom in *La Belle Hélène*. His action had been preceded and provoked by suffering, and it was perfectly spontaneous; for which reason one can find some pleasure in listening to Offenbach even now, after having had a surfeit of works more or less Offenbachian in character. He is at once the Verdi and Gounod of the minor operatic drama, resembling the former rather than the latter in his copiousness of production. When he ceases to write, the particular sort of school founded by him

will be on the point of ceasing to exist. Meanwhile, the management of the St. James's Theatre, to make our acquaintance with the master complete, have just brought out *Les Braconniers*, his latest work. They have also revived *La Belle Hélène*, and a performance of *La Grande Duchesse* has been given. Thus, beginning with Lecocq, who is less an imitator of Offenbach than any of the other composers of *opera bouffe*, they are ending with Offenbach himself; and whatever may be thought of either or both of these composers, it is quite certain that ample justice has been done to them by the St. James's company. No *opera bouffe* company that had previously appeared in England included three such artists as Mdlle. Desclauzas, who takes her benefit to-night in *La Grande Duchesse*, Mdlle. Fonti, the heroine of *Les Braconniers*, and Mdlle. Luigini, who has recently appeared with Mdlle. Desclauzas in *La Fille de Madame Angot* (an operetta—not strictly speaking an *opera bouffe*—which, all things considered, must be looked upon as the great success of the season); while M. Mario-Widmer, who appears in everything, has, in his own special line, scarcely his equal in Europe. He cannot be quite so droll as Dupuis in the part of Fritz, which the authors and composers of *La Grande Duchesse* had designed for that actor with particular care; but we can scarcely fancy him surpassed in his own parts in *La Fille de Madame Angot* and *Les Cent Vierges*, both of which works are known to have been written for the company performing at the St. James's Theatre, and now on the point of performing there for the last time this season.

Shaber Silber.

THE EMPRESS MARIA THERESA AT PRINCE ESTERHAZY'S.*

BY C. F. POHL.

(Continued from page 511.)

In Josephus Gregorius Werner, a first-rate counterpunctist who distinguished himself as a composer especially of sacred music, Paul Anton found his first chapelmaster. Werner trained his small chorus with iron pertinacity, as is proved by his masses and less important church compositions, which even now would be a fiery ordeal for the very best choir. Profane music was not performed under his rule (the solitary exception is an "Ecloga Pastorale," poetry by the Abbate Giovanni Claudio Pasquini, music by Francesco Maggiore, performed in the year 1755 in honour of the Prince's birthday). But new life was to be introduced into matters in 1761. It was Paul Anton that associated with Werner—who had grown old, ailing, and wonderfully tetchy—a young composer, Joseph Haydn, whose fresh power was destined to mark an epoch and spread his name throughout all countries. Prince Nicholas received from his brother the musical establishment, which had been enlarged a short time previously, and did all in his power to raise it still more. He himself was especially fond of playing an instrument now become almost a myth, the Baryton (a stringed instrument similar to the Viola da Gamba), for which he engaged two virtuosos, Karl Franz and Andreas Lidl. He gave Haydn, as his *Kapellmeister*, repeated proofs of his esteem, raising his salary, making him a present of a house, which he had twice rebuilt after it was burnt down, and even when he left, bestowing on him a considerable pension. Like Johann Joachim Quantz, who composed for his pupil, King Friedrich II., about 300 solo pieces for the flute, Haydn wrote an extraordinary number of works for the favourite instrument of his Prince, who marked his satisfaction at this, also, by especial presents of money. The favourable impression made by these compositions on the Prince was sometimes, in the most kindly fashion, turned to account by Haydn for his subordinates in the band. Thus, on one occasion, when seeking to procure the remission of the punishment pronounced for some offence on two of his musicians, he forwarded a number of "new barytone pieces" simultaneously with his petition, a fact which shows him in all his truly touching amiability. A vast deal has been written to the effect that the appointment at Prince Esterhazy's was an obstacle to the rapid development of Haydn's powers; that the Prince selfishly used

* From the *Neue Freie Presse*.

him up, and so on. To this we may reply that the more retired his life, the more contented was Haydn, and if complaints of his seclusion now and then escaped him, and if, especially, he cast yearning looks towards Italy, he confessed that this very seclusion must render him original. We must not overlook the advantage he enjoyed in always having at his command the orchestra, with which he could try his compositions while still fresh from the pen. The new productions of his art could not remain unknown to him, as he sometimes resided in Vienna, and just in the same way he could not help becoming acquainted with every celebrity; for every artist sought him out. With regard to his pecuniary position, he might consider himself lucky, if we compare with that position the wretched circumstances of Mozart. If, too, through his wife's extravagance, his money sometimes ran short, his compositions quickly supplied him with more—his name soon became so highly prized that he could dictate to his publishers. With regard to his princely patrons, they must be thanked for having afforded him an appropriate field of action, especially at a period when he was altogether unknown. What did Vienna, or those beyond the "Empire" do for him, even when his reputation had extended to all countries? His works were performed, but no fitting post could be found for him. Yet, when George III endeavoured to secure him for London, Haydn, like Mozart, remained true to his prince. To the very last period of his life, he referred with thankful heart to the princely house, and especially to the "good and magnanimous" Prince Nicholas.

(To be continued.)

BEETHOVEN'S PASTORAL SYMPHONY.

The undated autograph of this extraordinary and most influential masterpiece affords no proof of the period of its composition. Collateral circumstances, however, point directly to the spring of 1808 as the time, and Heiligenstadt as the place of its nativity. Nay, Schindler records a conversation with Beethoven, in 1823, when the composer pointed out an elm-tree on the way from that village to Grinzing, under which he sat, when planning the *Andante*, listening to yellow-hammers, nightingales, quails, and cuckoos, and weaving their notes into its melody. The first performance of the work was at Beethoven's concert in Vienna on Thursday, Dec. 22, 1808. It was then announced as "A Symphony, under the title, 'Recollections of Country Life,' in F major (No. 5)." The concert consisted entirely of previously unheard music by the master, one of the pieces being the Symphony in C minor, which the advertisement defines as "No. 6." The unexplained discrepancy between the numbering of the two companion-works in this announcement and in the printed scores, is rectified by the inscription in the author's hand, on the first page of the Pastorale, in which, both in Italian and in German, he describes this as his "6th Symphony." The present work was published in May, 1809, the Symphony in C minor having been printed in April. The first performance in London of the Sinfonia Pastorale was at a concert of Griesbach's, the hautboyist. It was first played at a Philharmonic concert, June 5, 1820, and it has been repeated every year.

The programme of the concert at which this work was first played differs from the advertisement in its definition of the piece, and from the printed score, in its description of some of the movements. The first is important, as illustrating particularly the purpose of the composition, and as bearing strongly upon the general subject of descriptive or imitative music—"Pastoral Symphony (No. 5), more an expression of feeling than a painting." This is the avowal of an intention to record the author's impressions in the several situations to which the work is referred, and the denial of any design to produce a picture, in tones, of the situations themselves, or the objects that filled them. Every work of art is a statement, more or less indefinite, of the impressions or emotions of the artists during its composition, or at the moment of its conception. It is this fact which distinguishes a picture from a reflection in a mirror, a drama from a short-hand report. In the present instance, the artist has broken through the reserve with which musicians mostly veil the source of their impressions, and has declared what scenes and circumstances prompted the current of his thoughts; but while showing how he thought and felt, as distinguished from the thoughts and feelings of other men under the influence of the open country, the fresh air, and the sounds and sights of nature, he disclaims all pretence of representing to the oral sense what can alone be obvious to the visual.

The technical specialty of the Pastoral Symphony is the extreme simplicity of the means employed throughout, save only in that portion which depicts the terror, the amazement excited by a tempest. There is no hint of scholarship, either in contrapuntal contrivance or in har-

monic research; and yet there is the most wonderful token of the master's deep and clear insight into the capabilities of those resources which he deemed exclusively appropriate to his subject, in the marvellous effects he has drawn from them. In all but the one exceptional movement, passing notes upon continuous chords are almost the only discords employed, save those natural harmonies peculiar to the fifth of the key, which are found out by untutored musicians, who sing or play together a fifth, a third, and a seventh, and make each proceed by its just progression, and are unable to account for the combination save by their own instinctive impulse. Not only do these combinations of harmonies—known as the notes of the limited and broken scale of the horn—prevail to the exclusion of other dissonances; the philosophical truths of harmonic relationship are probed in the free progression from fifth to fifth at those parts of the scale at which nature, defying the indiscriminate laws of the schools, warrants this exceptional progression by the good effect she gives to it, and the simple and peculiarly natural character of the music is largely due to the daring but successful application of the phenomena. The abundant employment of the tonic and dominant, the more frequent use of harmonic roots for bass notes than of inverted, chords, and the numerous instances of recourse to a pedal (or continued bass note through various harmonies), are all characteristic of the natural simplicity by which this work is distinguished. Further must be noted the frequently very long continuance of one harmony, and the sometimes manifold repetition of one melodic figure, perhaps of a single bar's extent. On the other hand, there are some changes of key which exceed the conventional limits of closest relationship—for instance, that from F to D in the first strain of the *Scherzo*; but this, and others more or less like it, are based upon the natural principle which binds in close affinity two chords, and consequently two keys, of which the third of the former (as A in the chord of F) is either the fifth or the root of the latter (as A in the chord of A or in the chord of D). Much as one must reverence the constant evidence this work presents of the perception of the fundamental principles of musical sound, and the application of these principles to musical art, one must still more admire the wonderful self-reliance that emboldened the master to discard all elaboration, all contrivance, all the means by which he, like other musicians, usually coloured and enforced his ideas, and restrict himself in this setting forth of the impressions of nature to the use of the simplest natural means, and these in their simplest and most natural forms. Who else than Beethoven could have dared to conduct movement after movement of a singularly extensive composition, in the belief that every thought it comprises was so truthful to its purpose as to be wholly self-supporting—wholly independent of the accessories by which, ordinarily if not universally, musical expression is defined and enhanced? The real gauge of how much is in this marvellous work, the calculation of how little is in it; and the great marvel is that so much is made of so little. G. A. MACFARREN.*

LONDON WELSH CHORAL UNION SCHOLARSHIP.

At a general meeting of the members of the London Welsh Choral Union, held on Monday evening, the 28th of June, the following resolution was passed:—

Proposed by Mr. John Thomas (honorary conductor), seconded by Mr. Hugh Owen (honorary treasurer), and unanimously carried—"That a Scholarship be established in connection with this Society, to be called, 'The London Welsh Choral Union Scholarship,' for the purpose of affording a musical education, at the Royal Academy of Music, to any one of the most talented and promising of the young members of the Choir, until that education shall be considered completed."

The examination of the candidates (who must all be from among the present members of the choir—male or female—and under twenty years of age) will take place early in September next, in order to enable the successful competitor to enter the Royal Academy of Music upon its re-opening in the course of that month.

The first year's subscription towards the scholarship is generously guaranteed by Mr. John Thomas, honorary conductor.

Lines for Music.

Once more unto the Hall, dear friend,
(If you the pass will kindly send)
On Monday next our way we'll wend.

As for S. B.,
I would that he
Had ears to hear, like you and we,
Beethoven's charms in A or B.

To A. S. Sullivan, Esq.

* From the Analytical and Historical Programme of the Philharmonic Society.

LA FILLE DE MDME. ANGOT.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Each successive representation of *La Fille de Mme. Angot* reveals anew the freshness and brilliancy of the music. It is true that the "gems" do not come often, but when they do, their tunefulness and originality are delightful. We are not treated, after waiting an hour, to a "rechauffé." The music swings along, and has that unmistakable "go" in it which will assuredly make it lasting. The performance on Saturday last, at which I was present, was excellent. Mdlles. Desclausas and Luigini, sang and acted charmingly, as did Mme. Delorme. The part of Ange Pitou suits M. Mario Widmer perfectly, and Messrs. Jolly and Charlier have never shone to more advantage. I am, dear Mr. Editor, yours faithfully,
Mœlius.
July 28th, 1873.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Miss Edwards presents her compliments to the Editor of the *Musical World*, and would esteem it a favour if a slight error could be corrected in his valuable report of her concert, July 8th. It was stated Herr Lehmeier was the only accompanist on the occasion, whilst Signor Alessandro Romilli, a most clever and finished pianist, shared the accompaniments with Herr Lehmeier.

100, Ebury Street, Eaton Square,
July 24, 1873.

WAIFS.

Signor Arditi had the honour of an invitation from their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, to the garden party at Chiswick, last week.

The number of pianos exported from the port of Marseilles, and manufactured there, or in Paris, Lyons, or Nîmes, during 1872 was 1,420, representing a value of 1,134,949*fr.* In 1852 only 341 instruments, of the value of 272,837*fr.*, were shipped; and in 1862, only 600, worth 478,575*fr.*

ROSSINI ON GERMAN MUSIC.—The conversation turning upon German music, I asked Rossini, "Which was his favourite amongst the great masters?" Of Beethoven he said: I take it twice in the week, Haydn four times, and Mozart every day. You will tell me that Beethoven is a Colossus that often gives you blows in the ribs, while Mozart is always adorable. It is that he has had the chance of going very young to Italy at a time when they still sang well." Of Weber he says, "He has talent for selling by retail."—*The Life of Moscheles.*

People are speaking on all sides of the immense sums obtained for modern pictures by dealers, prices quite out of proportion to the real value of the works, and not conferring the slightest benefit on the unfortunate artists, who were probably content with a bare remuneration for time and labour. There is no line of business where a greater share of the profits is absorbed by the distributor than in the picture-dealing trade. It is the public who are at fault in not going direct to the artists, and giving commissions for pictures straight from the easel. By not relying on their own judgment, purchasers fill the pockets of a class of middlemen who, as a body, have no sufficient claims to encouragement.

CHOPIN.—Moscheles' studies of Chopin's music leads him to make the following observation: "I gladly pass some of my leisure hours of an evening in cultivating an acquaintance with Chopin's Studies and his other compositions. I am charmed with their originality and the natural colouring of his subjects. My thoughts, however, and through them my fingers, stumble at certain hard, inartistic, and, to me, inconceivable modulations. On the whole I find his music often too sweet, not manly enough, and hardly the work of a profound musician."—*The Life of Moscheles.*

The chief of the *claque* in the Vienna theatre An der Wien, Herr Panovetz, died some time since, leaving a considerable fortune, gained in the exercise of his profession. The members of the theatre, from highest to lowest, were in the habit of employing him, and even used to take him on their provincial tours. Until recently, Panovetz led the *claque* at the Carl Theatre as well as at the theatre An der Wien, but the new manager of the Carl decided that his services should be dispensed with at the former, as he would not give up his post at the latter. His success in obtaining applause for his clients was so great that he was paid very handsomely, especially at first performances, when the actresses and their admirers loaded him with presents. He had as many as forty young men under him when thought necessary that the applause should be unusually vigorous; but he generally employed a smaller number, preferring "quality to quantity."

Another German band, that of the Royal Saxon Sharpshooters of Dresden, Prince George Regiment—tempted by the lucrative example of the Prussian and French bands here (Boston) last summer—have come to this country, under the direction of Herr Hans Girod, "*Kapellmeister* of his Majesty the King of Saxony, and cornet-a-piston virtuoso." They gave their first concert on the 27th ult., in the New York Academy of Music, and, according to the *Musik-Zeitung*, "made quite a fiasco." The composition of the band is said to be coarse and brassy, consisting of metallic clarionets, cornets-a-piston, *flügelhörner*, trumpets, *trompetinas*, tenor horns, French horns, trombones, tubas, and *helicon*.—*Dwight.*

ROSSINI ON THE VOICE AND PIANO.—In the course of our conversation Rossini was full of hard hitting truths, and brilliant satire on the present study and method of vocalization. "I don't want to hear anything more of it," he said, "they scream! All that I want is a resonant full sound, not a screeching voice. I care not whether it be for speaking or singing; everything in fact to sound melodious." He then spoke of the pleasure he felt in studying the piano; and "if it were not presumption," he added, "in composing for that instrument; in playing, however, his fourth and fifth fingers would not do their duty properly." He complains that the piano is, now-a-days, only maltreated. "They not only stump the piano, but the arm-chair, and even the floor."—*The Life of Moscheles.*

CRYSTAL PALACE SCHOOL OF ART, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE.—The award of prizes to art students in the ladies' division of this school was made on Saturday. Mr. Lewis Haghe and Mr. H. G. Hine officiated as judges of the water-colour paintings produced by lady students in the class conducted by Mr. Edward Goodhall. The silver medal was given to Miss Farquhar; the certificate of merit to Miss Mary Fownes Turner, and special commendation to Miss Thwaites. Mr. Joseph Durham, A.R.A., and Mr. T. Thornycroft were judges of the sculpture produced by members of the class for modelling in clay, of which Mr. W. K. Shenton is master. The silver medal was awarded to Miss Helena Teulon for a model of the "Venus of Milo;" the certificate of merit to Miss Macduff. The judges also bestowed commendation on models by both the above-named ladies, as well as works by Miss Kate Green and Miss Constance Hopcraft. The drawings and models were afterwards exhibited to students and their friends in the private studio of the school.

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